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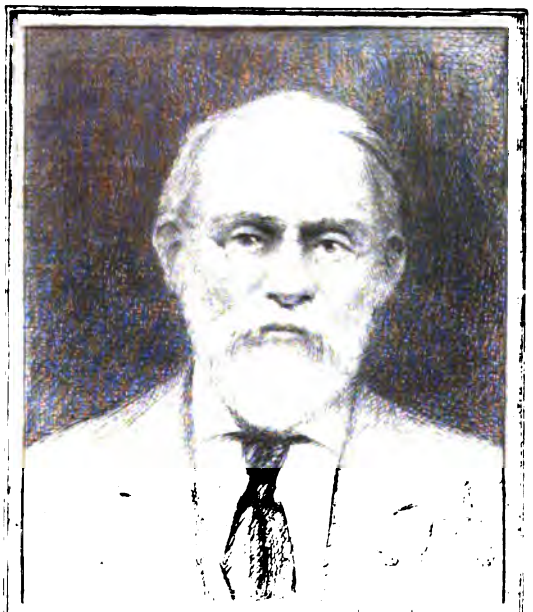

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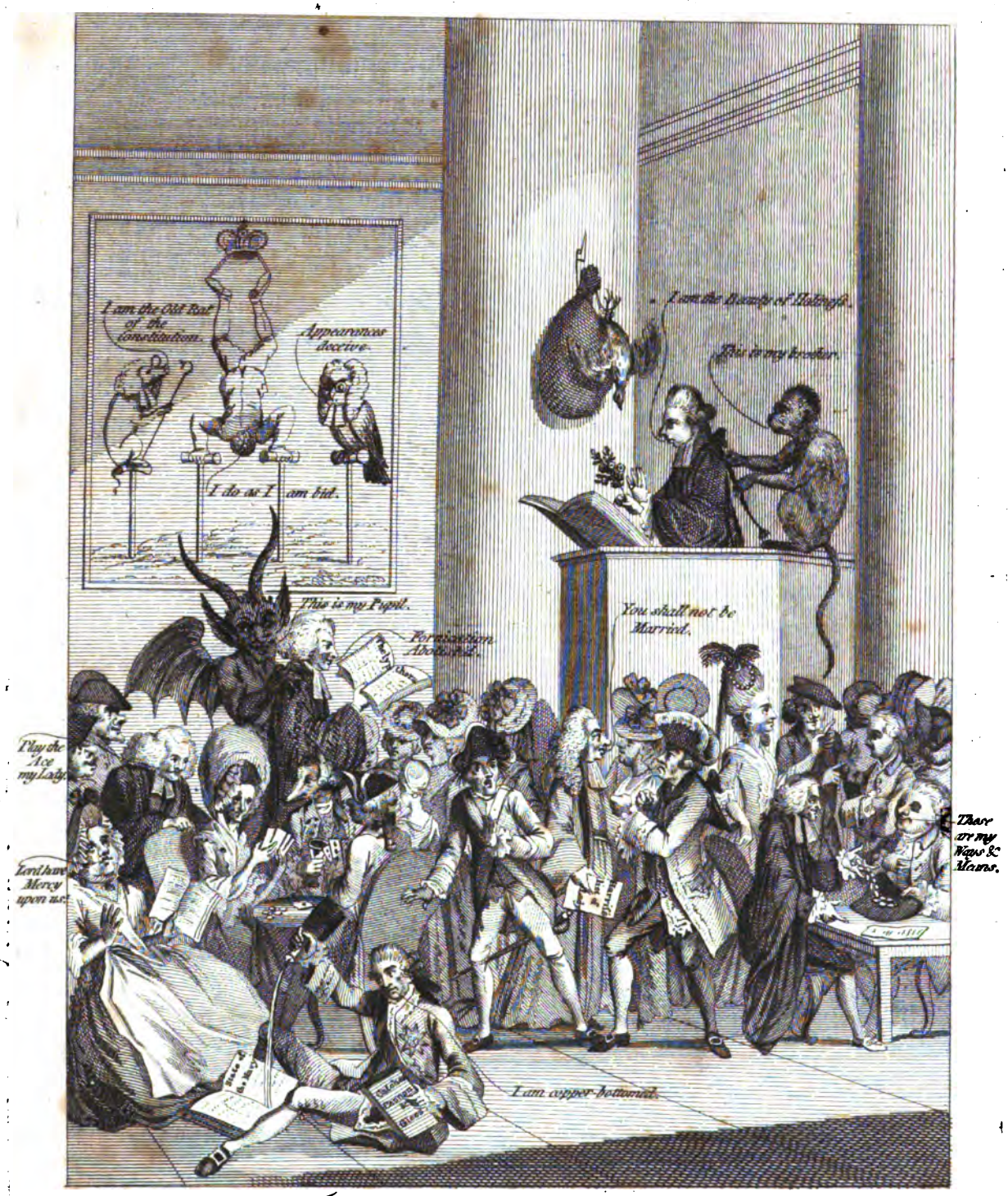

The **WORLD** *as it* **GOES.**

Publish'd April 13th 1781. by J. Fielding No. 23, Pater-Noster Row.

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THE

WORLD AS IT GOES:

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

CHARACTERS

OF

NATIONS,	JUDGES,	POETS,
STATES,	COUNSELLORS,	PLAYERS,
PRINCES,	SENATORS,	PIMPS, AND
PEERS,	GAMBLERS,	PARASITES:

WITH AN EXQUISITE

GROUP OF LADIES,

HIGHLY FINISHED.

SELECTED FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL;

AND ALL THE

CHARACTERS APPLIED.

'Tis application makes the Aſs. GAY.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN FIELDING, N° 23, Pater-Noſter-Row.

M DCC LXXXI.

[Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE.]

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PREFACE.

WHEN the idea of publiſhing a pamphlet of this kind firſt ſtruck the compiler, he conſidered that, excluſive of its holding forth to the public view a picture of modern times, manners *and* characters, *it would comprize many of the eſſential beauties of our beſt Engliſh Poets, and be worthy of preſervation on that account, if it had nothing elſe to recommend it.*

How far he has ſucceeded in the application of particular paſſages to particular characters, muſt be left to the deciſion of the reader; but he can truly aſſert, that he has not knowingly applied a ſingle paſſage to any character, which had been uſed in preceding compilations of a ſimilar caſt. If he has painted virtue in her faireſt form, and held up vice to the public contempt and deriſion, he has obtained the object of his wiſhes.

Virtue never appears more amiable than when ſeated on the throne of beauty; and there are, as the Poet obſerves, many characters which,

> *Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,*
> *Are touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.*

If any of theſe characters can be ſhamed *into the practice of virtue, one great end of this publication will be obtained. At any rate, the pamphlet will be conſidered as* amuſing, *by thoſe who read for* amuſement only.

5-26-50 MFP

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PREFACE.

In this little piece there are ſome characters ſo very flagitious, that not to attempt to expoſe them, might have been conſidered as a tacit approbation of them; and there are others ſo perfectly exemplary, that not to have held them up as the brighteſt patterns, would have argued an indifference in the cauſe of virtue. At the ſame time we muſt acknowledge a third ſort of the humdrum *kind; who have little of vice or of virtue to drag them forth to the public view, and who are only diſtinguiſhed by their peculiarities, as an aſs is known by the length of his ears; and who would not therefore have been dignified with a place in this collection, but that their rank in life had given them precedence in other places. If we have endeavoured to raiſe an harmleſs laugh at their expence, we have done them more credit than they had a right to expect. If we have offended we care not.—"Let the gall'd jade go wince; our withers are unwrung."*

London, April 14, 1781.

In a few Days will be Publiſhed, Price One Shilling and Six-pence,

NATHAN;

A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

Written in *German* by the Celebrated Mr. *Leſſing*, Librarian to His Moſt Serene Highneſs the Duke of *Brunſwick*, and tranſlated into *Engliſh*

By R. E. RASPE.

Printed for *J. Fielding*, N° 23, *Pater-Noſter-Row*: Of whom may be had juſt Publiſhed, Price Two Shillings,

LETTERS FROM PERDITA TO A J E W;

WITH THE

ISRAELITE's ANSWERS.

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CHARACTERS APPLIED.

KING AND QUEEN.

GO with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be
And honour'd in their iſſue. SHAKESPEARE.

THE K——

'Tis the office,
'Tis the firſt duty of the magiſtrate,
To guard the people's welfare, and ſecure,
As far as human wiſdom can ſecure
Their future peace. C. JOHNSON.

THE Q——

She ſat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. SHAKESP.

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings: The bleſs'd know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodneſs. ROWE.

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P—— OF W----

To ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. SHAKESP.

THE DAUPHIN AND PERDITA.

Good-morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now? Ibid.

LORD WILLIAM GORDON.

To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate. Ibid.

BRITAIN.

Britain, the queen of iſles, our fair poſſeſſion,
Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ſhips her bulwark, and the ſea her dike;
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world. HAVARD.

THE AMERICANS.

I grant, an antient ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of every ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill;
Know, thoſe who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find,
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.

Our

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Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumb'ring ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented. GAY.

THREE MEMBERS OF THE INTERIOR CAB--T.

The folly of this iſland! They ſay there's but five upon this iſle; where are three of them: If the other two be brained like us, the ſtate totters. SHAKESP.

THE COCKPIT.

Maſters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow-night. Ibid.

BOREAS AND TWITCHER.

Too much already has that toy, ambition,
The child of vanity and ignorance,
Deluded and betray'd us both to folly. C. JOHNSON.

KEPPEL.

Hey my hearts; cheerly my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-ſail; tend to the maſter's whiſtle. SHAKESP.

PALLISER.

Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchoolmaſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can. Ibid.

MAJO-

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MAJORITY IN THE H---- OF C----S.

For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtions as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs, that
We ſay befits the hour. SHAKESP.

THE ENGLISH NATION.

Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday fool, but would give me a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. Ibid.

LORD W—YM——H.

Tell not me; when the butt is out we'll drink water, not a drop before. Ibid.

Mr. R—GBY.

My man monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. Ibid.

Mr. SHERIDAN.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. Ibid.

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BAR--N D--MSD--LE.

I do remember an apothecary,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones. SHAKESP.

MR. POYN—Z.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn. Ibid.

SIR G——Y C——P---R.

I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you. Ibid.

D——— OF GR—F——N.

Who would give a bird the lie, tho' he cry *cuckow* never ſo?
Ibid.

SIR T. FR———D.

An oath is a recognizance to heaven,
Binding us over in the courts above
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That thoſe who 'ſcape this world ſhould ſuffer there. SOUTHERN.

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LORD CH——R.

Worth makes the MAN, and want of it the FELLOW;
The reſt is all but leather and prunella. POPE.

LORD N——TH.

Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkeſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet. SHAKESP.

Having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i' th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear. Ibid.

All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure:—Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds. Ibid.

There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that *ſleeps*; Lords that can prate,
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzala. Ibid.

DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Grace was in all her ſteps, heaven in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love. MILTON.

LORD G—— G—RD—N.

His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. SHAKESP.

True wit to madneſs nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide. DRYDEN.

LADY

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LADY C—RKE.

What jealous Oberon? Fairies ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company. SHAKESP.

SAWBRIDGE.

What care theſe roarers for the name of king? Ibid.

I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæſar till I ſhake the ſenate. ADDISON.

WED——NE.

I have great comfort of this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his face is perfect gallows. Stand faſt good fate to his hanging. SHAKESP.

I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown. Ibid.

Ambition! nothing is too hard for thee!
Rul'd by the influence of thy fatal charms,
Man fears no law, nor human, nor divine. TRACY.

L——D M——S F——D.

Appearances deceive,
And this one maxim is a ſtanding rule,
Men are not what they ſeem. HAVARD.

L——D SAND——H.

Luſt is, of all the frailties of our nature
What moſt we ought to fear; the head-ſtrong beaſt
Ruſhes along, impatient of the courſe;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein. ROWE.

From

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From his youth upwards to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous exceſs with waſteful hand
Shakes life's frail glaſs, and haſtes each ebbing ſand,
Unmindful from what ſtock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought ſin with greedineſs, and ſought for ſhame
With greater zeal than good men ſeek for fame.
Where (reaſon left without the leaſt defence)
Laughter was mirth, obſcenity was ſenſe,
Where impudence made decency ſubmit,
Where noiſe was humour, and where whim was wit,
Where rude untemper'd licence had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was ſpirit,
Where the beſt things were ever held the worſt,
Lothario was, with juſtice, always firſt.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To ſwing upon a gate, to ride a ſtraw,
To play at puſh-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
Whilſt, in moſt bleſſed union rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, encore:
Whilſt grey authority, who ſlumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the ſtreets at noon,

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To force plain nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother,
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
—— to ride firſt, and he to ride behind,
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that ſtock which nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' —— yet lives.

When folly (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they, who in the preſence upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen every where, but moſt a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deſerves it more and more.

Nor in ſuch limits reſts his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
Vice, bold, ſubſtantial vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you will ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.

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Is the ſoft nature of ſome eaſy maid,
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems every heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be cruſh'd, and every ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, ſure tho' ſlow,
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are kings (who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be prophan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is faith to take an atheiſt for her guide?
Is ſcience by a blockhead to be led?
Are ſtates to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villian plann'd before,

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Search earth, ſearch hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this nobility, which ſprung from kings,
Was meant to ſwell the power from whence it ſprings?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from ſo rich a root?
Were there but two (ſearch all the world around),
Were there but two ſuch nobles to be found,
The very name would ſink into a term
Of ſcorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord; but nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to debaſe,
Made only one, and having made him, ſwore,
In mercy to mankind to make no more.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe there, but like a generous friend,
The ills which error caus'd ſhe ſtrove to mend,
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To ſave her credit, brought forth —— too. CHURCHILL.

KING OF SPAIN.

Power is a curſe when in a tyrant's hands,
But in a *bigot* tyrant's—treble curſe. MILLER.

D——— OF R———D.

Do not theſe veins contain
The ſame rich blood that circles in the king's,
Though but a baſtard ſcion of his ſtem?

SIR GEORGE SAVILE.

Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man. THOMSON.

LADY

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LADY SPENCER.

A laviſh planet reign'd when ſhe was born,
And made her of ſuch kindred mould to heaven,
She ſeems more heavens than ours. DRYDEN.

Virtue alone has that to give,
For which 'tis worth our while to live:
For if we live, our life is peace,
And if we die our joys increaſe. ANON.

LORD AND LADY DUNCANNON.

Young Celadon,
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair,
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Her's, the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his, the radiance of the riſen day. THOMSON.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Let her eyes ne'er ſee
A ſight of ſorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joys, her nights with reſt,
Harmleſs as her own thoughts. OTWAY.

Fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd. THOMSON.

MRS. HAYLEY.

The ſoul that feels for others woe,
From heaven its origin doth ſhew. ANON.

MAR-

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MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free. THOMSON.

THE METHODIST PREACHERS.

Ill befal
Such meddling prieſts, who kindle up confuſion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain ſcruples. ROWE.

ENGLAND.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
A happy land, where circulating power
Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate,
Sure not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace. DR. JOHNSON.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye. GOLDSMITH.

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LORD CORNWALLIS.

War, my Lord,
Is of eternal uſe to humankind;
For ever and anon, when you have paſs'd
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is overſtock'd with fools, and wants
A peſtilence at leaſt, if not a hero. JEFFREYS.

When violence and rapine ſound to arms,
Bankrupts and prodigals are warm for war. CIBBER.

Raſh fruitleſs war, from wanton glory wag'd,
Is only ſplendid murder. THOMSON.

MR. BURKE.

When he ſpeaks, the air,
A charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences. SHAKESP.

I'll lie and liſten here as reverently
As to an angel. If I breathe too loud
Tell me, for I would be as ſtill as night. BEAUMONT.

LORD DEERH——T.

All dark and comfortleſs!
Where are thoſe various objects that but now
Employ'd my buſy eyes?—Where are thoſe eyes?
Dead are their piercing rays, that lately ſhot
O'er flowery vales to diſtant ſunny hills,
And drew, with joy, the vaſt horizon in. TATE.

SIR

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Sir BULL-FACE DOUBLE-FEE.

I oft have heard him ſay, how he admir'd
Men of your large profeſſion that could ſpeak
To every cauſe, and things mere contraries
Till they were hoarſe again, yet all be law;
That with moſt quick agility could turn,
And return, make knots and undo them,
Give fork'd council, take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up. B. Jonson.

Law that ſhocks equity, is reaſon's murder. Hill.

LORD HAWKE.

Birth is a ſhadow. Courage, ſelf-ſuſtained,
Outlords ſucceſſion's phlegm, and needs *no* anceſtors.
I am *above deſcent*; and prize no blood. Ibid.

ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

To do whate'er heaven gives in ſacred charge,
Nor dare to ſound its fathomleſs decrees,
This, and this only's meritorious zeal. Miller.

Mr. LAURENS.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it doth cry out itſelf
Enough, enough, and die. Shakesp.

The

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THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF KING'S PLACE.

Thou! I want a name
By which to ſtile thee! All articulate ſounds,
That do expreſs the miſchief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height! BEAUMONT.

The fox,
Hyena, crocodile, and all beaſts of craft,
Have been diſtill'd to make one woman! RANDOLF.

Lo have I ſeen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
(As wiſe philoſophers remark)
At once both ſtink and ſhine. POPE.

DOCTOR ADELPHI.

Will ſeat himſelf on a *celeſtial bed*,
And prey on garbage. SHAKESP.

L—— L——T OF IRELAND.

What is a butterfly? At beſt
He's but a caterpillar dreſt;
The gaudy fop's his picture juſt. ANON.

GENERAL ARNOLD.

Falſhood and fraud grow up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes. ADDISON.

MRS.

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Mrs. MACAULY.

O woman! That ſome one of you would take
An everlaſting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper, which the writ ſhall make
More laſting than the marble monuments,
Your matchleſs virtues to poſterity. BEAUMONT.

GENERAL B——RG——E.

Forgive me, pardon my miſtaken zeal,
That left my country, croſs'd the ſtormy ſeas,
To war with honour.
Now that my paſſions give me leave to think,
The hand of heaven appears in what I ſuffer'd. THOMSON.

Sir G. B. RODNEY.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. SHAKESP.

For bleſſings ever wait on glorious deeds;
And though a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds. CONG.

Hon. C. J. FOX.

Exalted ſouls
Have paſſions in proportion violent,
Reſiſtleſs, and tormenting: they're a tax
Impos'd by nature on pre-eminence,
And fortitude, and wiſdom muſt ſupport them. LILLO.

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LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER.

No beauteous bloſſom of the fragrant ſpring,
Tho' the fair child of nature newly born,
Can be ſo lovely. OTWAY.

The bloom of opening flowers, unſullied beauty,
Softneſs, and ſweeteſt innocence ſhe wears,
And looks like nature in the world's firſt ſpring. ROWE.

What tender force, what dignity divine,
What virtue conſecrating every feature;
Around that neck what droſs are gold and pearl! YOUNG.

The abſtract of all beauty, ſoul of ſweetneſs:
Defend me, honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe.
What eyes are there! rather what little heavens!
To ſtir mens contemplations! What a paradiſe
Runs through each part ſhe has! Good blood be temperate:
I muſt look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the ſenſe that ſees it. BUCKINGHAM.

ALDERMAN WOOLDRIDGE.

Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit,
Aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires,
That fill the happieſt man? Ah! rather, why
Didſt not thou form me ſordid as my fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens? OTWAY.

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COURT.

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
Upon whoſe magic ſkirts, a thouſand devils,
In chryſtal forms, ſit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre. LEE.

I have no buſineſs there;
I have not ſlaviſh temperance enough
T' attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his ſmiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour. OTWAY.

Virtue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe garment,
Too heavy for the ſunſhine of a court. DRYDEN.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

There like a ſtatue thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By ſycophants and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping croud,
Envious who firſt ſhould catch, and firſt applaud
The ſtuff, or royal nonſenſe. Ibid.

Than courts, ye gods, be any place my doom;
Or any dungeon but a drawing-room! WHITEHEAD.

LADY ——

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſhood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes. SMITH.

Obey me, features, for one ſupple moment:
You ſhall not long be tortured. THOMSON.

LORD

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LORD NORTH.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones. SHAKESP.

To you, great gods, I make my laſt appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crime reveal.
If wand'ring in the maze of fate I run,
And backward tread the paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my errors to your own decree,
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free. DRYDEN.

GERMAIN, L. G. SACKVILLE.

A nameleſs terror ſtirs my ſoul,
And ſpreads ſevere diſquiet through my boſom.
Why ſhould I fear? The man of guilt alone
Should feel diſorder.—Tis but nature's frailty;
Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,
Where hopes and fears ariſe, and paſs by turns. MALLET.

What means this boding terror that uſurps,
In ſpite o' me, dominion o'er my heart,
Converting the ſweet flower of new-blown hope
To deadly *night-ſhade!* pois'ning to my ſoul
The fountain of its bliſs. MILLER.

LORD CARLISLE's IRISH-COURT.

All his gaudy courtiers baſking round him,
Like poiſonous vermin in a dog-day ſun. YOUNG.

Of all court-ſervice learn the common lot,
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot. DRYDEN.

DUT-

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DUTCHESS OF K——ST—N.

Short is the courſe of every lawleſs pleaſure,
Grief like a ſhade on all its footſteps waits,
Scarce viſible in joy's meridian height:
But downwards as its blaze declining ſpreads,
The dwarfiſh ſhadow to a giant grows. MILTON.

THE STATES OF HOLLAND.

Oh! is there not
A time, a righteous time, reſerv'd in fate;
When theſe oppreſſors of mankind ſhall feel
The miſeries they give; and blindly fight
For their own fetters too? THOMSON.

MR. ERSKINE.

For your words, they rob the hybla bees,
And make them honeyleſs. SHAKESP.

Every word he ſpeaks a Syren's note
To drown a careleſs hearer. BEAUMONT.

When he ſpoke, what tender words he us'd!
So ſoftly, that like flakes of feather'd ſnow.
They melted as they fell. DRYDEN.

KING OF DENMARK.

Fortune takes care that fools ſhould ſtill be ſeen;
She places them aloft, o' th' topmoſt ſpoke
Of all her wheel. Fools are the daily work
Of nature, her vocation. Ibid.

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MRS. ROBINSON.

The ſtain of violation is upon thee,
The ruddy ſpot freſh ardent on thy face:
Thy cheeks are burning with the adulterer's mark;
His print is on thy lips; thy melted eyes
Yet glow with languiſh'd luſtre. LEE.

Oh you have done an act,
That blots the face and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers oaths. SHAKESP.

Thou art as honeſt
As ſummer flies are in the ſhambles
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art ſo lovely fair, and look'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe aches at thee. Ibid.

Yet this was ſhe, ye Gods, the very ſhe,
Who in my arms lay melting all the night,
Who kiſs'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd and kiſs'd again,
As if her ſoul flew upward to her lips,
To meet mine there, and parted at the paſſage,
Who, loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my boſom, there to make
A little longer darkneſs. Ibid.

Love ne'er ſhould die;
'Tis the ſoul's cordial: 'Tis the fount of life;
Therefore ſhould ſpring *eternal* in the breaſt.
One object loſt, *another* ſhould ſucceed;
And all our life be love. BARBAROSSA.

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MAJOR ANDRE'.

He was a man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once;
Tho' kept in darkneſs from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf. OTWAY.

An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God. POPE.

THE AUTHOR OF THELYPHTHORA.

Love of my duty, nation, and religion,
Inſpir'd me with the raſh, accurſed zeal,
To perpetrate an act more black, more horrid,
Than e'er the ſun caſt eye on, than e'er tears
Can cleanſe from its foul ſtain, than e'er ſweet mercy
Can intercede for, or than hell can puniſh. MILLER.

THE MINISTRY.

Friendſhip is ſtill accompanied with virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds;
But 'tis a ſtranger to ſuch breaſts as ours.
True, we can join in factions and cabals,
And form conſpiracies; but ſtill the bond
Which holds our mercenary ſouls together,
Is our own intereſt. TRAPP.

G.O.

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GOVERNOR ——

Infernal guilt!
How doſt thou riſe in every hideous ſhape,
Of rage and doubt, ſuſpicion and deſpair,
To rend my ſoul! more wretched far than they
Made wretched by my crimes! BROWNE.

PRINCE OF WALES, AND BISHOP OF OSNABURGH.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others joys as griefs partaking,
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born. OTWAY.

THE ASSOCIATED PETITIONERS.

The friendſhips of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure:
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis;
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life. ADDISON.

MR. WILKES.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a ſoul that like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more;
Fate was not mine, nor am I fate's;
Souls know no conquerors. DRYDEN.

GENE-

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GENERAL WASHINGTON.

When difficulties threat, the hero's mind
Swells in proportion to the menac'd danger;
Fears and diſtruſt like phantoms fly before him,
And vaſt ambition takes up all his ſoul. FROWDE.

REV. WILLIAM ROMAINE.

Foul hypocriſy's ſo much the mode
There is no knowing hearts from words or looks
Thieves, bawds, and panders wear the *holy leer*. SHIRLEY.

DR. JOHNSON.

Aſk men's opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his *penſion*, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone. POPE.

LORD CAMDEN.

I bow in adoration to the gods;
I venerate their ſervants. But there is,
There is a power, their chief, their darling care,
The guardian of mankind, which to betray
Were violating all—and that is JUSTICE. THOMSON.

LORD HOWE.

Againſt the head which innocence ſecures
Inſidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of heaven. JOHNSON.

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LADY CRAVEN.

" Odious! In woollen! 'T would a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." POPE.

COUNSELLOR CH—TW——D.

One that was not long ſince was the buckram ſcribe,
That would run on men's errands for an aſper;
And from ſuch baſeneſs having raiſed a ſtock
To bribe the covetous judge, called to the bar;
So poor in practice too, that he would plead
A needy client's cauſe for a ſtarv'd hen,
Or half a loin of veal, tho' fly-blown:
And theſe the greateſt fees, you could arrive at
For juſt proceedings. BEAUMONT.

LADY HA——GT——N.

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
Let modeſt matrons at the mention ſtart;
And bluſhing virgins when they read our annals,
Ship o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
And blots the noble work. SHAKESP.

THE

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THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Let truth and virtue be their earlieſt teachers.
Keep from their ear the ſyren voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who ſpread, in every court, their ſilken ſnares,
And charm but to betray. MALLET.

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY.

See! what a grace is ſeated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten, or command;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a MAN. SHAKESP.

LORD NUGENT.

Old politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt, and as gravely out
As ſober Laneſborough dancing in the gout. POPE.

THE NOTORIUS POPE*.

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides. Ibid.

* See SIR ALEXANDER LEITH's trial.

THE

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The MINORITY.

We only who with innocence unſhaken
Have ſtood the aſſaults of fortune, now are happy:
For tho' the worſt of men by high permiſſion,
A while may flouriſh, and the beſt endure
The ſharpeſt trials of exploring miſery,
Yet let mankind from theſe examples learn,
That powerful villainy at laſt ſhall mourn,
And injur'd virtue triumph in its turn. TRAPP.

Hon. MISS GUNNING.

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes!
Or, whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar!
Such ſunder! Such ſweet friends! Here in her hair
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes!
How could he ſee to do 'em? Having made one
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſhed. SHAKESP.

The AMERICAN WAR.

Much ado about nothing!
The *Tragedy* of Errors!

SIR

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SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Stateſman, yet friend to truth, of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend. POPE.

IAGO; THE BULLY PRIEST.

Who ſhames a ſcribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again. Ibid.

COLONEL BARRE'.

In his looks appears
A wild diſtracted fierceneſs:
Some dreadful purpoſe in his face.
Sometimes his anger breaks thro' all diſguiſes,
And ſpares nor gods nor men.— DENHAM.

Mark but how terrible his *eyes* appear!
And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there,
Which in unfaſhion'd nature looks divine,
And like a gem, does in a quarry ſhine. DRYDEN.

ALDERMAN PL—MER.

Baſe grovelling ſouls ne'er knew true honour's worth,
But weigh it out in *mercenary* ſcales. Ibid.

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D——— OF GR—F——N.

O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; on oak, with but one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her. SHAKESP.

LADY G———R.

My form, alas, alas! has long forgot to pleaſe:
The ſenſe of beauty and delight is changed;
No roſes bloom upon my fading cheeks,
No laughing graces wanton in my eyes:
But haggard grief, lean-looking, ſallow care,
And pining diſcontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn. ROWE.

MRS. B—LKL—Y.

Behold, unchang'd, my viſage bears the ſhock
Of accuſation, with ſo foul a crime
As infamy can hardly go beyond!
Does this expreſs my guilt or innocence?
Where is the fault'ring tongue? The crimſon glow,
And livid paleneſs in alternate rule?
Where is the down-caſt eye? Unſteady look?
And all appearances of conſcious ſhame? SHIRLEY.

MR. M—CKL—N.

Which is the villian? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. SHAKESP.

ALDER-

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ALDERMAN H—RL—Y.

Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can deviſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt end of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſtor John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any ambaſſage to the Pigmies. SHAKESP.

DIRECTORS OF THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY.

The tempter ſaw his time, the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions roſe on every ſide,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhower, of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs *director*, and ſecures his ſoul. POPE.

JUSTICE WILMOT.

Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him?—Bring him away; O that I had been writ down an aſs! SHAKESP.

EARL.

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EARL PERCY.

Were honour to be ſcann'd by long deſcent
From anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greateſt, and recount
Among my fathers, names of antient ſtory,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who ſubdu'd
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praiſe:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead. ROWE.

MRS. B——DD——LY.

You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaſte as in the bud ere it be blown,
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality. SHAKESP.

MR. ———

Why he is the prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in villainy; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. Ibid.

COLONEL M———S.

That talking knave
Conſumes his time in ſpeeches to the rabble,
And ſows ſedition up and down the city;
Picking up diſcontented fools, belying
The ſenators and government; deſtroying
Faith among honeſt men, and praiſing knaves. OTWAY.

LORD

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LORD AMHERST.

Theſe war-wearied limbs
Wiſh for repoſe; to lay their feeble ſtrength
Beneath the peaceful ſhade.
——There is an old man's warfare;
To talk of freezing nights, and burning days,
And animate our youth to deeds of martial honour,
Be now my ſole ambition. FRANCIS.

THE RECORDER OF LONDON.

The quality of mercy is not ſtain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to power and majeſty:
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. SHAKESP.

MISS F——N.

Oh! preſerve thy virtue!
And ſince he doth diſdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be his whore. LEE.

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THE RIOTERS.

The captain of the rabble iſſued out
With a black ſhirtleſs train; each was an hoſt;
A million ſtrong of vermin, every villain:
No part of government, but lords of anarchy;
Chaos of power, and *privileged* deſtruction;
But laws of nature! Yet the great muſt uſe them,
Sometimes as neceſſary tools of tumult. DRYDEN.

THE MACARONIES OF THE AGE.

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhew an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt. SHAKESP.

LORD SHEFFIELD.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows and in miſeries;
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures. Ibid.

MRS.

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MRS. M——

She only wants an opportunity:
Her ſoul's a whore already. DRYDEN.

I believe her honeſt yet:
Her body not acquainted with the ſin;
But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore,
And the next opportunity compleats
My black diſhonour. SOUTHERN.

MR. LINLEY.

Play on
That ſtrain again; it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like a ſweet ſound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours. SHAKESP.

MISS LINLEY.

What ear ſo fortify'd and barr'd
Againſt the tuneful force of vocal charms,
But would with tranſport to ſuch ſweet aſſailments
Surrender its attention? Never yet
Have I paſt by the night-bird's cuſtom'd ſpray,
What time ſhe pours her wild and artleſs ſong,
Without attentive pauſe and ſilent rapture;
How could I then, with ſavage diſregard,
Hear voices tun'd by nature ſweet as her's,
Grac'd with all art's addition? MASON.

MR.

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MR. COURTNEY.

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong. POPE.

MONS. VESTRIS.

Whoſe ſoul no dawn of ſentiment reveals,
And all whoſe merit centers in his heels. KELLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PANTHEON.

Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools;
Beyond the letter of the law,
That keeps our men and maids in awe;
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em,
A *grace*, a *manner*, a *decorum*. PRIOR.

SIR JOHN JEHU.

Ay, that's a dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, tha the can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady, his mother, played falſe with a ſmith. SHAKESP.

EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Ibid.

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LORD DUNCANNON.

All the lamps
Of nuptial love are lighted, and burn pure,
As if they drew their brightneſs from thy bluſhes.
Thy envious rivals, conſcious of thy right,
Approve ſuperior charms, and join to praiſe thee. HILL.

DOCTOR G——H—M.

Have not I
Known him a *common* rogue, come fiddling in
To the *Oſteria* * with a tumbling whore,
And when he had done all his forc'd tricks, been glad
Of a poor ſpoonful of dead wine, with fleas in't.
——————All his ingredients
Are a ſheep's gall, a roaſted bitch's marrow,
Some few ſod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's greaſe, and faſting ſpittle:
I know 'em to a dram. B. JONSON.

LADY S——H B——Y.

I am a garment worn, a veſſel crack'd,
A load unty'd, a lilly trod upon!
A fragrant flower crop'd by another hand,
My colour fully'd, and my odour chang'd! BEAUMONT.

* Some commentators read *Adelphia*. This very extraordinary genius has been already hinted at under the title of DOCTOR ADELPHI: See page 20.

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DOCTOR PRIESTLY.

Philoſophy conſiſts not
In airy ſchemes and idle ſpeculations. THOMSON.

MR. T. T——NS——D.

Like a player,
Bellowing his paſſion, till he break the ſtring,
And his rack'd voice jar to the audience. SHAKESP.

EARL BATH——T.

When Tom to Cambridge firſt was ſent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as if he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His reſolution flag,
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe,
And ſoon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags! give place;
Full bottoms come inſtead:
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing a CALF'S HEAD! SHENSTONE.

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FRENCH KING.

What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings. GAY.

MR. BANNISTER.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speech and look big, and pry on every ſide;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion. Ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice too, like unforced ſmiles:
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems. SHAKESP.

THE JUNTO.

How like conſpirators, at their firſt meeting,
With caution we gaze ſilent on each other,
Expecting who ſhall ſtart the buſineſs firſt. TATE.

Deſtruction hangs on every word we ſpeak,
On every thought, till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. ADDISON.

QUI CAPIT, ILLE FACIT.

Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare,
My friends, he cried, p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſingle vote. POPE.

LORD

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LORD ADVOCATE OF SC—TL——D.

Why, what a waſp tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? SHAKESP.

MR. E———N.

O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me. Ibid.

MR. SYK—S.

All upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race. GAY.

CAPTAIN O'K—LLY.

Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſhamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy houſe? He a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cates. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill-ſorted. SHAKESP.

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THE TRADING CONSTABLES.

Think not that treachery can be juſt,
Take not informers words on truſt.
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray. GAY.

LORD NORTH——PTON.

A traveller! by my faith you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own lands to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes, and poor hands. SHAKESP.

JUSTICE AD——GT—N.

God help me, there are but two of us, and one is an aſs. Ibid.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

And beads, and pray'r books are the toys of age. POPE.

EARL SPENCER.

He's generous, grateful, affable and brave,
But then he knows no limit to his paſſion;
The tempeſt-beaten bark is not ſo toſs'd,
As is his reaſon when thoſe winds ariſe. YOUNG.

I lie as open to the guſts of paſſion,
As the bare ſhore to every beating ſurge. DRYDEN.

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